your men, traversing a strange country. Is it not reckless to attempt such a thing?"

"Of course I would prefer it otherwise," I answered, appreciating her doubt. "But where is the choice, Mademoiselle? You say it offers the only free egress from this city; the only safety from arrest. I do not recall whether it was originally your suggestion, or mine, but I perceive nothing particularly dangerous in the venture."

"Not even if you transport a passenger?"

"The machine was constructed with that in view; it was built for military use, to carry an observer as well as an operator. I have had a companion with me in all my long-distance flights."

"Is the monoplane very large, Monsieur?"

"Not extraordinary; the weight, with all supplies aboard, is about twelve hundred pounds, and the aerofoils have a spread of thirty-two feet."

"The aerofoils?"

"The wings I mean; surely you have seen aerial demonstrations?"

"Only at a distance, when high in the air," she explained. "I possess only a vague idea of the machines used."

"Well, mine does not differ in general appearance from those others. I steer by foot levers, and use small wing tips—ailerons—with which to secure stability. This is the latest French type, but the one peculiarity, which I am seeking to guard from publicity, is the motor; it is of great power, and practically noiseless. That is what gives it such value from a military standpoint. It is almost inaudible a hundred feet away when at full speed."

"What is full speed?"

"With a passenger I have made ninety miles an hour."

She looked at the face of her watch in the gleam of a passing light, the cab slowing down as it rounded a corner.

"And we have two hours yet until daylight — one hundred and eighty miles."

"Far too much to expect," I explained quickly. "The air conditions may not be right, and many things might occur to cause delay. Yet even if we attain half that speed we should be beyond danger. Once safely in the air, and we can laugh at pursuit."

"You fear trouble before then?" anxiously.

"Yes, I do, Mademoiselle; I do not believe Brandt will be foiled so easily. He is the very one to suspect this plan of ours, and will hasten here to get ahead. Besides it is the secret of my motor which he is so eager to learn. He cares little for me, or you—what becomes of us—so long as he can shift the suspicions of the police in our direction, and thus be free himself. Wherever he sends the others in search, he himself will come here, assured that if we are not present, he will discover a clear field for investigation. But I do not imagine he will come alone—he is hardly that kind."

"What will you do?"

"Discover first just what we must meet. Are we really there?"

"Yes, I think so."

I touched the shoulder of the chauffeur, and he glanced around startled.

"Stop a block this side of where the lady told you," I said shortly. "Turn into a side street first, and be quiet about it."

"Yes, sir," evidently relieved.

We rounded into a dark opening, and came to a stop against the curb. Before us was a block of unlighted houses, almost alike in general appearance, while the deserted walk was overshadowed by trees. I stepped out, and assisted Miss Probyn to follow, noting how anxiously she surveyed the shadows. I handed the chauffeur a bill.

"That will make up your loss."

"Yes, sir. thank you. Shall I wait here?"

"No; disappear; go a block south before you turn. Good night."

He touched his cap, and, in a moment more, we were alone. I felt her hand clasp my arm, and looked down into her face. Now that I was upon my feet once more, and in command of the affair, my natural coolness reasserted itself; I felt a confidence that we were destined to succeed. I could only rejoice at the sequence of events which had conspired to compel her to remain with me.

"You are frightened now, Mademoiselle," I whispered, "just as I began to enjoy myself."

"I am—a little—yes," she admitted, glancing up into my eyes, as though endeavoring to interpret my meaning. "You have made me fear that Captain Brandt is here before us."

"That was only a guess; but even if he is I feel perfectly confident of handling the situation. We have won so far against the man, and I do not believe the god of luck has deserted us."

I spoke lightly, but the expression of her face did not change.

"It is the police I am afraid of."

"And it is my faith that Brandt will hesitate to make use of those allies. He would prefer that we be sought, and not found, just at present. I did suggest that he might suspect our plan of escape, and come here to intercept us, but I do not, in the least, believe that true. He would not deem such an attempt possible. He does not understand the nature of my machine, its readiness for service, or the ease with which it can be launched. The ordinary monoplane requires a crew of men, and hours of preparation. I suspect he may be here ahead of us, and with assistance, but they will not be the police. He will take this opportunity, believing I am fleeing from arrest, to break into the hangar, and investigate my discoveries. Our appearance will be a surprise."

She did not answer, but her eyes were upon my face questioningly, and I went on explaining.

"His confidence of safety is what I count on to bring us success. This is really the very last place where he would expect me to appear. He knows by this time of the death of Franzen, and your disappearance with me. He will take it for granted that I killed the man, and have forgotten every thing else in an eagerness to escape arrest. He will come here unprepared for serious resistance, expecting to meet De Vigne alone. One of the Pinkerton guard, at least, is in his pay and he would not expect my man to put up much of a fight single-handed. It is our audacity which gives us a chance to win out."

"But what can I do?"

"Nothing, except to remain quiet and out of danger. You have a pistol?"

"No certainly not."

"I thought you threatened Franzen. You will stay where I tell you? You will wait for me?"

She looked directly into my eyes.

"I—I do not see what else I can do," she said soberly. "But—but, Monsieur, am I doing right?"

"You are simply trusting me, showing faith in me; I think that is right."

"But it is all so strange, so unusual; I feel as though I was in a dream, and must awaken. I cannot even think clearly, and decide for myself."

"Then let me decide for you," and I clasped the hand pressing my sleeve. "Listen, Mademoiselle. You are involved in all this so tightly that you cannot possibly escape the coils in any other way—can you? Even if Brandt does not name you as an accomplice of mine, that detective recognized you at the door, and later you gave your business card to the patrolman. They will search every place where you are known to go; will interview your friends. In all this city you could find no spot in which to hide, nor any means of getting out."

"But—but," her fingers clung to me, and I could feel the trembling of her form, "that means my reputation, my good name—"

"Yes, I know it does; either way they are involved. Yet it seems to me an arrest, a trial in the police court, would result the more disastrously; the evidence is strong. However if you choose the only other course, you have nothing to rely upon but yourself—my word, my honor. Can you trust these, Mademoiselle?"

I could hear the leaves rustling in the branches overhead, the distant clangor of a passing street car. Her eyes were downcast, then uplifted again to mine.

"It means," she said slowly, thoughtfully, "that if we fail, if any accident happens, we shall both be captured, and have to face these horrible charges together?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"And will my going add to your danger? lessen your chances to escape?"

"Not in the least," eagerly. "I told you before the monoplane was built to bear two persons; it will ride steadier."

She drew a deep breath, but her her hand remained in mine.

"And it means," she went on, as though there had been no interruption on my part, "if we do succeed in getting safely out of the city, I shall have to disappear, utterly vanish."

(To be continued)

The Tragedy of Thos. Hearne

(Continued from page 9.)

It was at three o'clock on Tuesday, May 9, that Julius Craig escaped. Poor devil! if he had but known!

Hearne and I had quarreled that morning over the fog question. Perhaps both our tempers were wearing thin, but that was no excuse for his dropping from argument to insults. I dare say he thought my language just as bad; but that didn't make the trouble any lighter. There was fog in the air, he said, though even the landlord laughed at the idea when I put the question to him. Finally the old man walked off in a huff, though I had so far given way as to promise that I would bring the cart to the ruins by lunch time.

I sulked about the inn until the papers came from Plymouth. When I had finished reading them it was nigh one o'clock. A leg of lamb was cooking in the kitchen. Just because Hearne preferred cold ham sandwiches or a draughty hill there was no reason why I should not have my meal in comfort. I would lunch before I started, and he could wait for his sandwiches.

It was a selfish thing to do, but he had irritated me that morning more than I now can understand. I was finishing off with cheese when the landlord thrust his head through the door of my sitting room.

"I gave a fool's wisdom this morning, sir," he said. "The fog be blowing up proper from the eastward. I'm, feared that Mr. Hearne—"

He got no further, for I was past him like a flash and out into the open.

The moors had gone; utterly vanished away. In their place there lay a blanket of billowy white that sent wild streamers upwards to the flying veil of clouds. Only a quarter mile of the main road was visible, and up it the first wave of the misty inundation was marching like a lofty wall. I ran toward the stable, cursing myself in my mad disappointment.

I galloped for 200 yards, and then the fog gathered me to itself, and I had just enough sense to pull the horse to a slow trot.

I could still see the road for a dozen paces, but all sense of proportion and distance had gone from me. The fog was not stationary, but curled in broad confusing wreaths, or poured sideways upon me in avalanches of denser mist. Sometimes the car was on the road, sometimes off it. Twice I nearly capsized. In the end I climbed down and went to the horse's head, leading it forward at the run. I made better progress after that.

Yet I was not more than half way to the cairn hill when from the whirling shadows to my left there came a sound that set my heart leaping in my breast. It was the muffled thud of a rifle.

I stopped, listening and staring into the mist. A second shot followed. And then, as if raised by these echoes, there clanged a distant bell, a deep voice of loud alarm from the prison tower, telling the moor that a convict had escaped, that Julius Craig was free and that I—I, miserable fool that I was, had failed in the trust which had been placed upon me.

I tried not to think, but ran stubbornly on beside the horse with that infernal bell rioting in my ears. My life on the moors had put me in sound condition, and I never slackened my pace till I had trotted up the rise to where the track to the ruined farm began. I checked the horse and walked slowly forward studying the edge of the moor besides the highway for the mark of the grass-grown ruts I knew so well.

I heart the footsteps long before I saw him, a quick patter upon the hard surface behind me. As he came out of the fog he shouted, bringing his rifle to his hip with an easy swing. He was a stoutly built man in the neat dark uniform that marks the prison warder.

"Be careful with that gun," I said; —for he still had me covered.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he panted; "but we were close to him and—"

"Close to whom?"

"There's a convict escaped," he explained. "You haven't seen him?"

(Concluded on page 11.)